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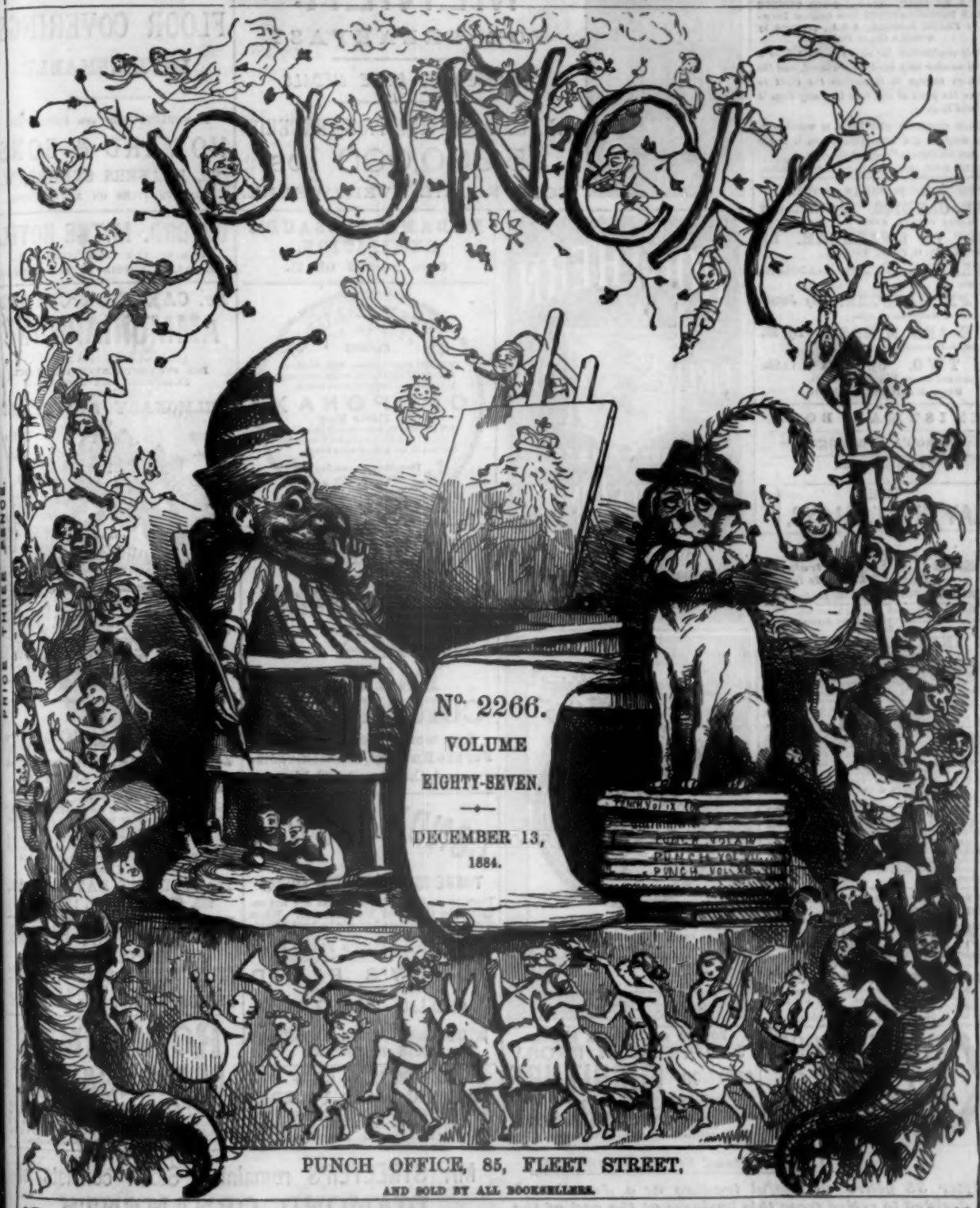

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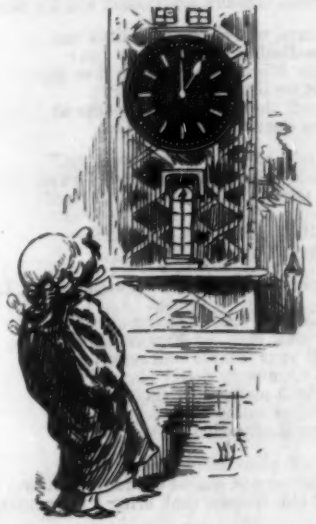
18-CARAT GOLD WORK.

WHAT'S O'CLOCK?

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

ALLOW me as an Artist to draw your attention, and draw it to the Clock in Lincoln's Inn. Its motto evidently is—



"TIME NO OBJECT."

Now, Sir, as to the New Reckoning. I think this will rather astonish Old Time:—

"DOUBLE TIME."

Lincoln's Inn might take a hint, and put up two Clocks side by side. And then people could "Choose their own time."

Yours pictorially,

OLD TIME-ON (OF ATHENS).

A WORD WI' (DAWSON) BURNS.

THE Reverend DAWSON BURNS (D.D.)
He ups and howls in wrath. Says he,
"This solemn question I would ask:—
If a bad boy with a brandy-flask
Comes to the carriage-door, and thence
(For traveller's convenience)
Sells liquid d—— ahem! in fact
Sells spirits, can so vile an act
Be legal?" Puts the question to
The Board of Inland Revenue,
Which straight declares the practice lawful.
Quoth DAWSON BURNS, "Oh, this is awful!
The B. I. R. connives at crimes,
But I will write unto the *Times*
Public 'astonishment and alarm'
My zealotry with power will arm,
And wicked travellers who *will* 'nip'
Upon a long cold railway trip,
At least shall find it no slight task
To *get* the naughty brandy-flask.
What! Tipple in his seat at ease?
No! I will put up Mr. PEASE
In Parliament to put a stopper
Upon proceedings so improper"—
O Reverend DAWSON BURNS (D.D.),
What a true Christian you must be!
The man who does what you deem wrong
You 'd stop, but if that seem too strong,
At least as far as you are able,
You'll make him most uncomfortable.
Oh, each true heart—and boot-tip—yearns
Toward you, Reverend DAWSON BURNS!

AN OLD SONG FOR THE NEW CONSTITUENCIES.—"You'll re-Member me!"

AN APPEAL FOR THE CITY.

(By a Deputy Alderman.)

THE City is in despair! Tallow may be lively, iron pigs looking up, sugar drooping, or even Consols sinking below par, but for the moment they are all unheeded, and one thought, and one alone, clouds every brow, and saddens every heart. The City, under the Government Redistribution Bill, is, at one fell swoop, to be deprived of half its political power, and reduced to the low level of Coaly Newcastle, of Radical Nottingham, and of dirty Portsmouth! Its four Representatives, it is whispered, have already held a Preliminary Meeting, to consider as to which two of them shall retire at the next Election, but have, as yet, been unable to agree; a proposal by the one Liberal Member that they should toss up, being at once rejected as undignified.

The sole reason assigned by the pitiless PREMIER is, that 'the sleeping population of the City is but small. But who cares where a man sleeps? If you want to find about half a million of the most wide-awake people in the whole Empire, go to the City. If you want any quantity, however large, of any commodity, however costly, go to the City. And, as a fitting conclusion, if you want the best dinner that money can obtain, or hospitality offer, go to the City.

To test the City by the Night Census is an imbecility. According to the last return, it would seem that the City is decidedly more rural, pastoral, and agricultural, than urban and commercial. On the night of the last Census there were in the City only nine Bankers, ten Stock Brokers, and but few Merchants; but there were forty-four Farmers, three Farm Bailiffs, twenty-three Gardeners, six Fishermen, and one gentle Shepherd! And yet it is solely on these contemptibly silly statistics that the City is to be degraded. The sleeping population of the City has decreased in twenty years from 113,000 to 52,000, but, during the same period, its annual rental value has increased from two millions to four millions, or, if capitalised, from fifty millions to one hundred millions, and this is the City that is to be marked out for exceptional degradation!

Again—where will be found more devoted loyalty to the Throne and Constitution of these Realms than in the grand old City of London? And yet, with a refinement of irony seldom equalled, never excelled, it is deprived of two of its Parliamentary Representatives, and they are added to—the City of Dublin!!

Think, too, of the men the City sends to Parliament. The princely COTTON, who captivated all hearts during his brilliant Mayoralty; the learned and hospitable FOWLER, who dined all sorts and conditions of men, and dined them well; the hard-working LAWRENCE, who behaved so nobly when retiring from his useful profession; and the plucky HUBBARD,—the lineal descendant of the ancient Mother who so loved her poor Dog,—who never loses a chance of trying to lessen the gross injustice of the abominable Income-tax. Compare these with the four men that Dublin will probably select! and then wonder to what gross inconsistencies mere logic will lead.

Think, too, of the City's love of Art, as displayed in the splendid collection of Modern Sculpture at the Mansion House, and in the immortal Griffin at Temple Bar, that "thing of beauty, and that joy for ever." Its encouragement of Science is shown by hydraulic power being laid on to a man's warehouse in the City like gas or water; and as to Literature, did not the two greatest men this great country ever produced—SHAKSPEARE and MILTON—pass their lives within its magic circle! And, even in these degenerate days, is there not among its Representative men one who, to use his own classic words, "can speak seven languages—four live 'uns, and three dead 'uns!" But, towering far above even that learned Theban, there is a Citizen of London living at 85, Fleet Street, to whose judgment the City—the World—would willingly bow.

Reason, argument, generosity, justice, art, science, and literature, all point one way. Logic, prejudice, ignorance, envy, hatred, and malice, all point the other.

Let *Mr. Punch*, the universal arbiter of mankind in general, and of his fellow Citizens in particular, decide between them.

FOR THE CHILDREN'S CHAMPION.

THE *Pall-Mall Gazette*, which has started a "GEORGE SMITH of Coalville Testimonial Fund," says:—

"We hope that our Contemporaries will inform their readers that such a Fund is open; and we beg all who sympathize with the object to remit their contributions at once to the GEORGE SMITH Fund, *Pall-Mall Gazette* Office, Northumberland Street, Strand. Cheques may be crossed, London and Westminster Bank, and Post Office Orders made payable to the 'GEORGE SMITH of Coalville Fund.'"

Mr. Punch, for his part, responds with the greatest readiness to this appeal, which he begs to enforce also upon his readers. Philanthropy—when it is genuine, and not self-advertising—does not "pay," in the pecuniary sense, as well as, say, Platform Patriotism, or Patent Soap-purveying. So, in the name of the Seventy Thousand Children whom GEORGE SMITH, of Coalville, has succoured, *Punch* appeals to his readers to secure themselves the privilege of succouring in his own need the Children's Champion.

THE MUMMER'S BÊTE-NOIR.—"*Benefits* forgot."

A BEGINNING.

"CICELY DEAR, IF I GIVE YOU ONE OF THESE PRETTY DICKEYS, HAVE YOU GOT A CAGE TO PUT IT IN?"

"NO, AUNTY!—BUT I 'VE GOT A NAIL TO HANG IT ON!"

THE COMING "FORCE."

À propos of the question of economy involved in the employment of the electric light for all purposes of out-door illumination, the Chief of the Police of New York has gone as far as to say that "every light erected means a Policeman removed." Coming from such a quarter this is a valuable contribution to the discussion, and the reflective wayfarer has merely got on a fairly dark evening to attempt his passage on foot along some of the less frequented bye-streets of any of the Metropolitan Suburbs, to realise, very possibly with the sudden and unexpected assistance of the local burglar's bludgeon, the full force of the statement. Indeed, so liberally and brilliantly is a larger portion of Greater London, and, for the matter of that, of lesser too, now illuminated, that even in a leading thoroughfare, especially where there is any emulation between rival omnibus companies, it is quite within the competency of any short-sighted person to get knocked down and run over in all the gloom and amid something more than the excitement characteristic of the Middle Ages.

Yet this is the Nineteenth Century, and the most prejudiced holder of Gas Shares, who passes one of the private electric lights that shed their nightly lustre in the Strand, cannot help literally seeing for himself that something little short of a day-lit London is now only a question of time. The Electric Lighting Act no doubt needs revising, but it is the shabby Local Vestry Economists who are most to blame. Let them take this latest bit of evidence as to the effective and cheap substitution of "a new Force" to heart. It would indeed be a gain to the suburban Londoner not only to see his way home in safety, but also to have the additional satisfaction of knowing that the units of the new, unlike those of the old Police Force, would invariably be found when wanted doing their duty at their respective posts.

MISFORTUNES, proverbially, never come single. This must have been said by a spiteful Old Maid.

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

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No. II.—CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS-BOOKS.

BEHOLD a Christmas Parcel, full of picture-books and puns,
And merry songs and stories from GEORGE ROUTLEDGE and his SONS!

The Children of the Village, sure, will charm each little one,
The Feather and Fur Picture-Book is full of hearty fun;
Large Pictures and their Little Words is better e'en than toys,
A fund of harmless merriment for little girls and boys;
And tiny mites will find, indeed, there 's much to wonder at
In ELWES' *Lion and Tiger* and COOPER'S *Dog and Cat*.

All boys will dearly love the tale, so full of pluck and "go,"
That 's christened *Cyril Hamilton*, by rare Lieutenant LOWE;
And if they locomotives like, they 'll, doubtless, feel inclined
To soar away with HENRY FRITH *Upon the Wings of Wind*.
Of *Adventures in Australia*, H. G. KINGSTON has to tell—
'Tis full of stirring incident, and illustrated well.

Miss TYTLER writes, with pleasant pen, *The Woman with Two Wards*,
To which the pencil of Miss KERNS a special charm accords:
More Old Wives' Fables you must read, by EDWARD LABOULAYE,
Its pictures and its stories will your trouble well repay.
Miss O'REILLY writes *Our Hero*, a story deftly planned—
Most popular 'tis sure to be—with pictures by GARLAND,
And *Illustrated Poems and Songs* will ne'er be left unsung,
Which the clever Mrs. BARKER kindly edits for the young.

Mrs. INCHBALD'S *Simple Story* is pleasant to peruse,
With its rare old-fashioned flavour and quaint old-fangled views;
And here we find more good old friends, that bring back youthful joys—
The Peasant and the Prince is here, likewise *The Crofton Boys*,
With *Feats upon the Fiord*—a well-illustrated tome—
(Forty pictures done by EBBUTT) and *The Settlers at Home*.
They 'll charm the children of to-day, as they charmed long ago,
Those graceful graphic stories of our dear Miss MARTINEAU.

No. III.—A CAROL OF CARDS AND CRACKERS.

AIR—"*The Fine Old English Gentleman.*"

OH! the Show of Cards is beautiful, and doubtless you 're in luck
When you receive the works of Art from famous RAPHAEL TUCK:
While MARCUS WARD is marvellous, I do not doubt that you
Will love the satin symphonies that come from DE LA RUE,
In all their gorgeous splendour at this merry Christmas-time!

BIRN BROTHERS floral fancies send, of elegant design,
And ACKERMANN'S plush pictures are indubitably fine:
And OLLENDORFF is glorious in colour and in gold,
While MANSELL'S contributions surprising charms unfold,
The work of skilful artists at this merry Christmas-time!

PHILIPP'S cards are full of fancy—they make the heart rejoice—
And SCHIPPER'S, also MEISSNER'S, are original and choice:
Though LEE & Co. have novelties, we scarcely think you can
E'er overlook the wonders sent by SOCHL AND NATHAN,
With song of pleasant poets at this merry Christmas-time!

The famous Christmas Crackers, you 'll be delighted with,
We 've crackers often cracked before with world-renowned TOM SMITH:
With pleasure do we crack them up and fearlessly declare
They are the crackest crackers throughout all crackeryware,
And bound to go off gaily at this merry Christmas-time!

SUGGESTIVE CORRESPONDENCE.

MESSRS. MARGUERITE & Co., Florists, wrote to the *Times* to complain that, though they put the refuse of their Stock (or Stocks) in trade outside their door, the Dustmen wouldn't remove it. They very appropriately headed their letter "Dustmen and Refuse." It reminds us of *Lady Macbeth's* "A soldier, and afeared!" only there ought to have been a note of exclamation after the "refuse!" Perhaps a note of explanation followed. We don't see it. Poor MARGUERITE! Perhaps, in your helplessness, you have already wished that the recalcitrant Dustman may meet with the fate of *Faust*, and be himself "come for," and taken away by *Mephistopheles*. Terrible! We dust not think of it. What a stupendous operatic subject would this have been for the genius of the Composer of *The Flying Dutchman!!—The Doomed Dustman!!*

SOME NEW METROPOLITAN MEMBERS.

SCIENCE FOR CHRISTMAS.—Mr. T. C. HEPWORTH must hurry up, or he'll be too late with his book on *The Magic Lantern in Science*. It is to contain "instructions for managing the limelight, making oxygen gas,"—all so useful for TOMMY and HARRY home for the holidays,—and also instructions for "preparing lantern-slides." Shall we anticipate him? We will give the receipt,—it is from the book of Professor JOSEPH GRIMALDI,—*How to make a Lantern-slide.*—Get a pound of butter, or lard, rub the parquet floor thoroughly. Then run in and tell Mr. BARLOW that some one, with a present for him, wants particularly to see him at the front door; only that, as there is no light in the hall, he must take a Lantern, which you will have kindly brought for him ready lighted. Tell him he must make haste, and you'll soon see the Lantern slide. That's how it's done! Here we are again!

RECOGNITION.

J. B. (to International African Association). "I wasn't able to recognise you before. But now I've come to know you, if there is anything I can do for you in the way of Free Trade and Protection, I shall be most happy to oblige."

[The English Government has recognised the International African Association, and will protect Traders of all Nations.]

LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

CHIEFLY ABOUT MY OWN BUSINESS.

(To Lord Lytton, à propos of his Article in the "Nineteenth Century.")

MY DEAR LORD LYTTON,

I HAVE read your paper on Miss ANDERSON as *Juliet*, and hasten to relieve the anxiety to which you must very naturally be a prey until you have ascertained what *my* opinion is of *your* opinions. On three points out of five I may say, I am with you. Most righteous are your expressions of indignation against the Newspaper Critics generally, and particularly those on the *Times*, the *Standard*, and the *Saturday Review*. But you chastise them with equal stripes. And here your Lordship—as, before passing on to a personal matter, I shall now proceed to demonstrate—is unjust; not, of course, intentionally, but for want of due consideration.

I have no reason for taking up the cudgels on behalf of these gentlemen,—rather the contrary, especially in the instance of the strictly impartial and studiously polite individual whose critical talents are at present at the service of the *Times*, and of whom, were I assured that he is "The Fairest of the Fair," I should say, adapting the well-known lines—

> "If he be not fair to *me*,
> What care I how fair he be!"

But this by the way. I only say that I think your Lordship has not sufficiently considered the difficult position of the journalistic Critics, whose accounts of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Lyceum led to your being first so pleasantly disappointed, and then so irately indignant as to be compelled to get rid of your superfluous steam in the *Nineteenth Century Review*.

But you must not tar the Critic on the *Saturday Review*, or any other Critic employed by a Weekly Journal, with the same brush as you use for those on the Daily Newspapers. If you mete out *ten* stripes to the Critics of the dailies, you must multiply the chastisement by seven when you apply it to the weeklies, who are without the same excuse. The high-pressure at which we move nowadays, the insatiable craving for the earliest publication of the very latest news, compels the professional Dramatic Critic of the Daily Newspapers, on the first night of any representation, to rush, post-haste, from the theatre to the office, and there to write off a full and particular criticism of the piece he has just seen; the piece itself being, generally, in what may be termed rather a critical condition, than in a condition worth criticising. If a piece, no matter what or whose it may be, is to be seen at its worst, it is on the first night of its representation, just when all the Critics, who are supposed to direct the taste of the public, are compelled, by the exigences of the Daily Press, to witness and write critically about the performance. An Actor, or an Actress, is at his, or her, worst on a first night. This is no theory, but a matter of fact. And it is owing to this pressure which is put upon the papers by the Public, and to the anxiety on the part of every Newspaper to supply the demand, and to compete successfully with its rivals, that the criticisms in the Daily Papers have ceased to be considered as of any literary value. They are taken and read as "notices," and the Critic on a Daily Newspaper has become little more than a Reporter.

As I have said, the Weekly Reviews are without this excuse. *Mr. Punch's* Critic may be as deliberate as a Chancery Judge. The *Saturday*, and all other Weekly Papers, need be in no hurry. Their Critics could, if they would, take their own time; and if they choose to be present at a first performance, more to be seen than to see, they should, after the first week of its run, take a second and a third opportunity of seeing the same piece, and by that time they ought to be duly qualified, supposing them in every other respect competent for their task, to produce a carefully-considered criticism which should be worthy of the writer, whose signature ought to be appended to it (as is the custom in the *World*, which is W. A.'s or "ARCHER'S Mount" now, and where "D. C." was a model to all Critics), useful to the Actor, and valuable as a well-weighed contribution to the History of the Drama. The present form of producing criticisms, or rather "notices," cannot be satisfactory to the writers, as, being written in haste, they are frequently repented of at leisure. Scampered over as fast as the pen can travel, between the time of the fall of the Curtain and the hour of the Newspaper's going to press, so that the article may appear in the first issue, what should be a calm and dispassionate criticism, can only be an imperfect record of the writer's first impressions of an immature performance. The work has to be done, or some one else will be found to do it; and fearfully and wonderfully it is done. Sometimes the entire article, a column and a half, or two columns, will be spun out of the writer's brain, as he walks quickly, or cabs it, down to the office, trusting to his memory, and without reference to a single note. Marvellous as an exceptional journalistic feat, interesting as an anecdote of a ready writer, but utterly wrong as the rule of procedure.

Of course it is easier for an expert to criticise, at a sitting, a revival of one of SHAKSPEARE'S plays, with every line of which, and with all its acting traditions, he is presumably familiar, than to pronounce on the merits and demerits of an entirely new piece, when he hears the story and is introduced to the characters for the first time in his life. I say in the former case the task is less difficult, but that the necessity for doing it should exist, is what you, my Lord, for one, I am sure, must sincerely regret.

What the Newspaper Critics have to do must be done quickly. Your Lordship forgot this when you expected the performance of *Romeo and Juliet* to be in accordance with their remarks upon it. For myself, I should have believed that you and they saw two different performances, had I not been present at the first representation, and found that, for the most part, your Lordship's opinion and mine coincide, and especially as to Miss ANDERSON, who, I remarked, "was best when posing or re-posing." I am informed that everybody is better now than on the first night, including Miss ANDERSON, who no longer executes the flying leap across the bed, which so startled your humble servant. I do not think that Miss ANDERSON is a born histrionic genius, nor do I think she is the *Juliet* that SHAKSPEARE drew. But then who is?

And now, my dear Lord LYTTON, a word about your humble servant and what you call the "pedagogic" *Saturday*, which took me to task for saying that "the play" was, "after all, only the sickly story of a lovesick youth and an hysterical school-girl." Now, had I uttered this seriously as my opinion on SHAKSPEARE'S poetic play, then "slate" me, for I have a tile off. As, however, the Reviewist took it seriously, I will take it seriously, too. The line occurred in my letter to Mrs. KENDAL, and, as in a previous number (but alluded to in this same epistle), I had mentioned how afraid I was that the bedroom scene, as played the first night at the Lyceum, would not meet with the approbation of the charming Actress who, in her Social Science Lecture at Birmingham, had informed us how she had quitted a theatre when what seemed to her an improper piece was being performed, so now I presumed that she would be delighted with the introduction of the Marriage Ceremony, as giving "respectability to the idea of the play, which is, after all, only the sickly story of a lovesick youth and an hysterical schoolgirl." I said "*the idea* of the play," of course as represented at the Lyceum, for it is about this only that I was writing, not as to the play itself,—SHAKSPEARE'S play,—on which I was not expressing an opinion.

I was trying my best, in my politest (and least serious) manner, to agree (under reserve) with what I conceived would have been Mrs. KENDAL'S opinion on seeing the performance,—the one at which I assisted,—at the Lyceum. All my observations in that letter to Mrs. KENDAL were *about the play as given at the Lyceum;* and though your Lordship may not agree with me in looking upon Mr. TERRISS as a "lovesick youth," yet there are passages in your criticism of Miss ANDERSON'S performance which indicate that you do not altogether acquit her of behaving at times like "an hysterical schoolgirl." So, to a certain extent, I should have your opinion with me against the *Saturday Reviewer*, who, I suppose, holds the contrary.

It was of this Lyceum *Romeo and Juliet* I wrote, not of SHAKSPEARE'S; and where on earth SHAKSPEARE'S hero and heroine are to

be found, I own I do not know. But, however near Miss ANDERSON's *Juliet* may approach the character in appearance, and occasionally in manner (as once or twice in the balcony), I am quite sure that SHAKSPEARE's ideal pair of lovers are not at the Lyceum. *If they were*, the impression on my mind would not be that they are "a lovesick youth and an hysterical schoolgirl." It is not thus that I see them when I *read* the play; and I have to read it to correct the impression produced upon me by the acting. Again, what a lugged-in-by-the-heels inappropriate speech is the lovely one about *Queen Mab*, as given, and, as far as I remember, as usually given, on the stage! Yet, how naturally it comes in when one is quietly reading the play and dwelling on its beauties.

But this I do say, that if a work of surpassing imaginative genius, such as is *Romeo and Juliet*, is to be treated in so realistic a manner, that archæologic correctness is to be the first and chiefest consideration, so that the tailor, and not the poet, makes the man, then the characters become mere ordinary mortals, to be judged by ordinary rules, just as they have been measured for their correct costumes by the ordinary tape. The poetic language they have to utter is at once out of place, and the sooner the story is reduced to matter-of-fact prose, with such sensational situations as the action may require, the better for the audience, the better for SHAKSPEARE, and the worse for the Stage.

For my part, and here I see by your article you will agree with me, I would that *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and SHAKSPEARE's poetic dramas, excepting the *Merchant of Venice*, resembled the melodrama at *Mr. Crummles's* theatre, which "belonged to no particular age, people, or country, and was perhaps the more delightful on that account, as nobody's previous information could afford the remotest glimmering"—of the correct scenery, costumes, and properties. Every Shakspearian revival is, nowadays, an *édition de luxe*. Within the last few years, however, there was a notable exception. When Mr. IRVING first put *Hamlet* on at the Lyceum, old scenery was used,—and it was among his biggest monetary successes.

There was a notion put about, also, some time ago (which the *Saturday* pounced upon with great delight), that I had said that "there was just one thing SHAKSPEARE could not do,—write a tolerable play for a nineteenth-century audience." Now, this is so self-evident as to be of the nature of an axiom. Did SHAKSPEARE write a play for a nineteenth-century audience? The answer is, "No, he did not; he wrote for sixteenth- and seventeenth-century audiences." He wrote when, to the majority, plays were instead of books, and his historical Dramas were chronicles in action. All his plays delight, and never weary his nineteenth-century *readers*. But for these plays to be tolerable for a nineteenth-century *audience*, is quite another matter. Those who took me to task over the above utterance, were in such a hurry to have a fling at me, that they did not stop to consider the meaning of the words I used. I never said "*readers*," but I *did* say "*audience*;" and in the latter word lies the whole point.

What is the meaning, in ordinary parlance, of "a tolerable play"? It means one that an audience will tolerate, but about which it will certainly not be enthusiastic. In this sense "tolerable" implies "passable." Again, to speak by the card, when I said, "could not do," it would be absurd to stretch this expression so as to mean that it was not within SHAKSPEARE's power. Of course, if SHAKSPEARE were alive now, he could and would write plays which should not only be tolerable for a nineteenth-century audience, but which would be received with enthusiasm, would run a thousand nights, and make the fortune of Author, Actors, and Manager. But you see, my Lord, it only suited the purpose of my hasty Critics to make me appear to mean just exactly what they wished me to mean.

Your Lordship has had a pretty fair experience of the Stage; tell me is there any one instance in this nineteenth century of one of SHAKSPEARE's plays being placed on the Stage and played just as he wrote it? Was it done in the eighteenth century? Has it, in fact, ever been done except in SHAKSPEARE's own time, when he was Author, Actor, Part-proprietor, and Stage-Manager? Has not every reviver of SHAKSPEARE altered, re-arranged, and adapted whatever he had decided to produce? Isn't even *Hamlet* mutilated for the benefit of a nineteenth-century audience? *Macbeth* has not escaped scot free. The murder of *Lady Macduff* and children is so strange to our acting editions, that some English Critics, remarking on certain liberties in the French version of *Macbeth*, recently produced in Paris, severely blamed the poetic adapter for having invented this scene and interpolated it in his adaptation.

SHAKSPEARE undoubtedly wrote his Dramas, in the first instance, to be acted, and not to be read; but to be acted in his day, to please *his* audience. So, when a Manager produces SHAKSPEARE now, he has to please *his* audience, and if he gives them a long-winded play, he knows that his audience will yawn over it, will leave before it is finished, and that, by the end of a week, no audience at all will be there to see it. Ask Mr. IRVING; refer to the revivals by MACREADY, CHARLES KEAN, PHELPS, FECHTER. Take *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Hamlet*, now being played. Are either of them played as SHAKSPEARE wrote them? And if not, why? Because, in the form that delighted sixteenth- and seventeenth-century audiences, they would be considered intolerable by an audience in the nineteenth century.

Let a Manager put one of SHAKSPEARE's plays on the Stage without any tampering with the text, without any re-arrangement of Scenes, but let it be all just as SHAKSPEARE wrote it for performance before sixteenth- and seventeenth-century audiences, and let us see how a nineteenth-century audience will take to it. If the receipts prove the success of the novelty, to such an extent as to warrant a repetition of the experiment, then I will be the first to say that not only SHAKSPEARE could, but that he did, write a tolerable play for a nineteenth-century audience. Till then this is the colour that I shall die in.

Thanking you, my dear Lord LYTTON, for finding me the stalking-horse of which I have, much to your bewilderment, availed myself, I am

Your Lordship's obliged Servant, NIBBS.

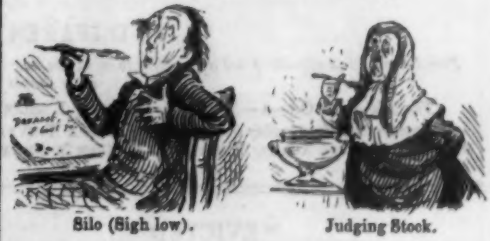
AGRICULTOORAL-LOORALS.

(*By Dumb-Crambo Junior.*)

The Cat 'll Show. Live Stock.

Jerseys. A Tuber.

Pa's-Nips. Cab-age.



Silo (Sigh low). Judging Stock.

Hurry For'ds. (Herefords.) Threshing Machine.

Best Turn Out of Horse and Cart.

FASHIONABLE DANCING.—In a list of "Arrangements" for the day, a morning contemporary recently announced a "New Club Dance." Sounds very Savage; only it isn't danced by the Savages. *O Tempora!* how are you *Mutantur?* O Gracious EVANS's!!

DIFFERENT EFFECTS OF SHYNESS.

Prendergast is so afraid of not appearing to be at his ease (which he never is), that he gets familiar, not to say slangy, and even a little vulgar, with People for whom he has the greatest reverence.

The Bishop. "OH—A—*MR. PRENDERGAST*, I BELIEVE. ER—HOW DO YOU DO, MR. PRENDERGAST?"

Prendergast (in ringing tones). "RIGHT AS A TRIVET, THANKS! GLAD TO SEE *YOU'RE* LOOKING PRETTY FIT, MY LORD! BETTER-HALF QUITE WELL AGAIN, I HOPE? AND HOW'S *BABY*, AND ALL THE *OTHER* BLOOMING OLIVE BRANCHES!"

[*N.B.—P.'s acquaintance with His Lordship is of the slightest.*

"EVICTED"!

Redistributed M.P. loquitur:—

PITY the sorrows of a poor M.P., on whom St. Stephen's soon may shut its doors,
Who's tenure's dwindling to a narrow span, who brands the brace of Bills as horrid bores!
Tories may triumph, Radicals exult, whose seats are safe, but where, oh where, am I?
My *Dubbington's* disfranchised,—dear old place!—for that *is* dear which at great cost you buy.
And I, have I *not* bought it? Not, of course, in open market, like a horse or pig,
But yet, like Danaë's wooer, 'tis with gold I've won it, gold in showers broad and big,
Flowing incessantly the long months round, an aureate irrigation of a land
Thirsty as sand-wastes. *Dubbington* drinks up freest largess of the most lavish hand,
And mine has shaken gold-drops, like Spring showers. What have I not so watered in my day?
From Penny Readings to the Town's New Pier all "causes" my "kind aid" invoke and pray.
Dubbington I have dowered in divers ways, with drinking-fountains, libraries, parades;
I've patronised its charities all round, all its religions, and quite half its trades.
I've laid foundation-stones till I've a chest of silver trowels—very useless "plate"!
The lifeboat was my gift, bazaars and bands lessen my balance at a rapid rate;
Regattas, races, hunts, bean-feasts and balls, concerts and cricket-clubs, all look to me
For countenance—and cheques; whilst—crown of all—*I* built them their new Lighthouse. You may see
My effigy, in horror-striking bronze, upon a pediment of rough-hewn granite,
Perched in the market-place. It is, I think, the most preposterous statue on our planet,
Smirking at space, and with a forth-stretched hand its vacuous silence emphasising. Yet
I bore it, though it sickens me to see it attitudinising darkly in the wet.
And now where am I? Redistributed! Scheduled out of existence! Cancelled! Sold!
Whilst my beloved *Dubbington*, proud town, long honoured by my genius and my gold,
Is sucked into a county, gobbled up by a division, and I—I am left,
Like a stone cherub, seatless, at one swoop, of all I have so dearly bought bereft!

(*Left lamenting.*)

WHO WROTE *MUCH DARKER DAYS*?—Mr. MERRY ANDREW LANG, of course. It's Lang syn' we've come across a better parody. [By the way, we think "Lang syn'" is Scotch for "long since." If it isn't, never mind: it ought to be. It was well-meant, anyhow. This is "without prejudice."]

DIFFICULTY FOR DOCTORS.—Mrs. R. says she hopes the Doctors may manage to discover some medicine which will destroy those nasty Microphones, which they suppose to be the cause of Cholera.

"EVICTED"!

REDISTRIBUTED M.P. (*soliloquises sadly*). "FOR THE LAST FIFTEEN YEARS I'VE SUBSCRIBED TO THE INFIRMARY, AND THE CRICKET AND FOOTBALL CLUBS, I GAVE 'EM A DRINKING-FOUNTAIN; I'VE OPENED A BAZAAR; I'VE LAID SIXTEEN FOUNDATION-STONES; I'VE FOUNDED ALMSHOUSES; I'VE BECOME AN ODD-FELLOW; I'VE HUNTED THE COUNTY FOR 'EM; THEY'VE RAISED ME A STATUE, AND I BUILT 'EM A LIGHT-HOUSE. THERE'S NO COMPENSATION FOR DISTURBANCE! AND——*WHERE AM I NOW?*"

HUNTING PUZZLE.

SUPPOSING THE HORSE STARTS OFF BEFORE YOU 'RE READY—WHAT THEN?

THE DANGERS OF DANCING.

[The Free Presbytery of Aberdeen has denounced dancing, warning its Ministers against "springs and flings," and "close-bosomed whirlings," while it condemns also "wine-bibbing and toddy-sipping."]

"STANDS Scotland where it did?" We ween
The prospect 's not entrancing,
The "unco guid" of Aberdeen
Have howled against all dancing.
The Presbytery frankly states,
In shrill excitement "skirling,"
Each harmless dance it execrates,
As vile "close-bosomed whirling."

These men object to "springs and flings,"
Wherein is danger hidden,
The Highland reel, with circling rings,
Is heinous and forbidden.
No longer lad and lass may meet,
Exchanging ardent glances,
Nor know the joy of rhythmic feet,
In pleasant country-dances.

Each dance the Aberdonians feel
Both frivolous and false is,
They see, it seems, the "muckle deil"
In those immoral waltzes.
Some Scots for dancing little care,
But they are changed "puir bodies,"
If ever they at night forswear
Their cherished whiskey-toddies.

Oh! Puritans who still exist,
In that dull Granite City,
Your eyes with some fanatic mist
Are veiled, and more 's the pity.
The joys of life are far too scant,
And though the young grow frisky,
Quadrilles are better far than cant,
And BURNS may speak for whiskey!

ANOTHER VIEW OF IT.—*British Mother (to Husband of Radical proclivities).* This is your Mr. GLADSTONE with his Reform settlements, and blessings for the People! Seats for *Single* Members all over the kingdom! A regular premium on Bachelors! What on earth shall we do with our Girls?

REDISTRIBUTION IN YEARS TO COME.

(A Glimpse into the Parliamentary Future.)

House of Commons, April 1, 189—.

AFTER nine hundred and eighty-four questions of no general interest had been put and answered, the HOME SECRETARY rose to move the Second Reading of the London (Greater) Improvement Bill. He said that the provisions of the measure were so well understood, and had been so frequently canvassed in that House and elsewhere, that it would be unnecessary to make further allusion to them. ("*Hear, hear!*") All he could say was, that the Twelve Millions now proposed to be expended upon the Metropolis, would, if thus disbursed, render London one of the grandest cities in the world. (*Cheers.*)

Sir BOOBY MUFF said he protested against the Imperial funds being used for the exclusive benefit of their overgrown, over-represented—(*Laughter*)—chief town. As Member for the Western Division of the North-Eastern Portion of the Southern Side of North-North-East Loamshire, he denounced, with the strongest language at his command—(*Laughter, and cries of "Use it!"*)—the wicked, London-bred expenditure. (*Laughter.*) It was no laughing matter. (*Roars of laughter.*) He asked some of the Metropolitan Members present what good could they expect from the passing of such an iniquitous, unfair, disfiguring, and one-sided measure? (*Cheers.*)

Mr. BROWN said that, speaking as one of the two hundred odd Members who represented the Metropolis——

Sir BOOBY MUFF: Very odd Members. (*Loud cries of "Order!"*)

Mr. BROWN continued, that speaking as one of those Members, he heartily supported the Bill, and accepted the challenge of the Hon. Baronet, the Member for the Western Division of the North-Eastern Portion of the Southern-side of North-North-East Loamshire. He (Mr. BROWN) had the honour to represent the Chelsea Bun House, and contended that the proposed fountains for Cheyne Walk would be a distinct improvement. (*Cheers from the Metropolitan Members.*)

Mr. JONES said that as the mouthpiece of the electors of JONES's Mixed Pickles Manufactory, he must declare that the Bill would give unqualified satisfaction in his part of the world. The New Cut Artificial Lake and the Elephant and Castle Public Park would be boons to the crowded population of the Ward-borough he had the honour to represent. (*Cheers.*)

Mr. ROBINSON said, that as Member for North-East Trafalgar Square, he could not sufficiently applaud the Bill. He asked in what better manner could Twelve Millions be spent than in beautifying their glorious Metropolis—(*Metropolitan cheers*)—with a new street through the Lowther Arcade, a Central Place before Charing Cross Hospital, and a boulevard up Saint Martin's Lane, even the small portion of the Great City he had the honour to represent would look a thousand times grander than it did now. ("*Hear! hear!*") He should certainly give the HOME SECRETARY his heartiest support. (*Cheers.*)

The Members for all the Divisions of Golden Square (6), for Pall-Mall Place, for Clapham Junction North, for Clapham Junction East, for Clapham Junction West, for Clapham Junction South, for Craig's Court, for Upham Park Road, Bedford Park, for Broadway Hammersmith North, for Kew Gardens, for all the Kensington Divisions (45), and for the Duke of York's Monument, having addressed the House at much length, the HOME SECRETARY replied in a few words.

A Division was then taken, when there appeared—643 for the Second Reading; 441 against the Second Reading. Majority in favour of the Second Reading, 202. The Bill was then read a Second Time, and the House adjourned.

It is understood that the Government majority contains the solid vote of the Metropolis, counting as 456 on a Division.

GOOD old Conservative Squire, the Emperor WILLIAM of Germany. "His Majesty," wrote a *Times* Correspondent the other day, "a true sportsman, does not like the modern breechloaders, but always shoots with single-barrelled muzzle-loading guns." He was always spoken of as "a man of single purpose," and "a single-eyed man." This accounts for the shooting. Why does the Emperor of GERMANY resemble the SULTAN? You give it up? Why, cert'nly. Because he 's a single Muzzleman. "Single" to be taken numerically, and not anti-matrimonially, as in the latter case the riddle, otherwise warranted safe in any climate, won't do at all.

RESIGNATION.

The Squire (to his Rector). "SHOOTING? THE ONLY SHOOTING I 'VE HAD THIS YEAR, SIR, HAS BEEN IN MY GREAT TOE!—AND I DON'T SUPPOSE I SHALL GET ANY OTHER THIS SIDE THE GRAVE!"

THE SINGLE SEAT MEMBER.

A Song of Questionings.

WHAT will he be when we really get him,
The Single Seat Member, that Coming Man?
Will he conduct our affairs (if we let him)
On a pettifogging Parochial plan?
Will he bring in the Vestryman's mind and manners,
His *ego* exalt, and his h's drop?
Treat the nation's arms and the people's banners
As yards of bunting, and things of "shop"?
Will he be a sage, or a small attorney?
Will he wish to fight in the nation's cause,
With the knightly spirit that ruled the tourney,
Or the vulgar fury of parish "jaws"?
Will he come with the taint of the till about him,
And duties high with a yard-wand mete?
Will he love the toiler, or gull and flout him,
And Policy hold as the skill to cheat?
Will he bring us intellect free, unfettered,
Clear brain, escaped from the ban of gold?
Or as Labour's gang-master, loud, unlettered,
The votes of her wage-bought myriads hold?
Will he come as the Member for Hole-cum-Corner,
With never a notion beyond his Ward?
Will he stand as Socialist scourge and scorner
Of Crown and Constable, Priest and Lord?
Whatever he 'll be, he is coming! Whether
He 'll lift us high, or he 'll drag us low,
Or topsy-turvy us altogether,
Is more than his Sponsors appear to know.

MESSRS. PEARS never lose a chance of advertising. They wanted a distinguished French Author to write a panegyric on their Soap. The noble Scribe prides himself on his colloquial English, and in order to express that he would not accept the offer, he said, "I wash my hands with it entirely." That was quite good enough for them, and that 'll be another advertisement very soon.

WON'T Sculptors ever learn manners? How often must they have been told that "it 's very rude to point"? And yet they 're always at it. Mr. WOOLNER has got his busts of Sir D. and Lady CURRIE in his "pointing-room" now. Dear me!

REFUSING TO PLAY ANY MORE.

IT appears from a daily contemporary that at a recent concert in Vienna, Herr VON BÜLOW declined, to the great indignation of the audience, to render one of BEETHOVEN'S Overtures, because the *Fremdenblatt* had found fault with the Doctor's performance of the work on a previous occasion. He is reported to have said:—

"That, as he 'would not like to wrong the great Composer again, his orchestra would play, instead, the "*Academical Overture*" of the Austrian BRAHMS.' The public indignantly protested, and called for BEETHOVEN'S Overture, which, after some hesitation on the part of Herr VON BÜLOW, was produced. BRAHMS' '*Academical Overture*' was then expected, but Herr VON BÜLOW, after putting on his overcoat, once more addressed the audience. 'I cannot render it on the pianoforte,' he said, 'and my musicians are too tired to play it themselves.' 'It would be difficult,' the Correspondent adds, 'to describe the angry feeling roused among the public by Herr VON BÜLOW'S behaviour.'"

It is to be hoped that this fashion will not spread to London, or we may expect to see something like the following in the morning papers. We, however, think it only just to say that we have selected Mr. WILSON BARRETT because he happens at this moment to be the head of his profession in London. The eminent Tragedian in question, it is scarcely necessary to say, is the very last man in the world to put himself in a false position:—

AMUSING SCENE AT A THEATRE.

On Monday evening, Mr. WILSON BARRETT, at the commencement of the last Act of *Hamlet*, announced that he had just received a copy of the *Pimlico Pump*, in which it was stated "that he killed the *King* a great deal too much." "Under these circumstances," the Tragedian continued, "I cannot possibly further desecrate the works of the Immortal SHAKSPEARE, and so for the last Act of this play shall substitute an extempore hornpipe." The audience rose like one man, and shouted for the conclusion of the Tragedy. Upon this, Mr. WILSON BARRETT, not without some signs of anger, complied with the popular request.

Not unnaturally, when the Green Curtain had fallen, those present expected that the eminent Actor would redeem his promise of giving them the Terpsichorean treat he had mentioned, and loudly called for "a hornpipe." After a pause, during which the denizens of the Gallery attempted to pull down the chandeliers, Mr. WILSON BARRETT re-appeared, and said, with bitterness, that the fatigue consequent upon "killing the *King* too much," had rendered it utterly impossible for him to "give the dance as it *should* be given."

The audience upon this uttered a yell, and would no doubt have carried the stage by storm, had not an Illustrious Personage occupying the Royal Box interposed, and suggested with much *bonhomie*, "that perhaps the *Ghost*, who had retired early in the piece, might obligingly take Mr. BARRETT'S place, and execute the dance they all were so anxious to witness."

Mr. BARRETT immediately complied with the suggestion, and the *Ghost*, still wearing a part of his stage-costume, supplemented by a modern hat, great-coat and umbrella, performed the hornpipe in a most praiseworthy fashion. The audience cheered the excellent "heavy man" to the echo, and retired at the conclusion of his difficult *pas seul* greatly delighted with the evening's entertainment.

"Put that in your Pipe."

[Professor BLACKIE says if all people would sing Scotch songs, as he does, instead of smoking "what they call tobacco," their souls would become "singing birds," and the "Devil wouldn't come near them."]

THE world 's advised by quaint Professor BLACKIE
To pipe Scotch songs in place of puffing 'baccy!
Did each ex-smoker warble some Scotch screed,
The world would cry, "Oh, give us back the 'weed'!"
Though doubtless "Nick" would not *too* closely watch
His "singing birds,"—if they all sang in Scotch!

SUMMARY OF THE WORKING—UP TO NOW—OF THE "ALLOTMENTS EXTENSION ACT."—A lot meant, and a very little *done*.

SSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, December 1.—House re-assembled to-day, after week's holiday. At Five o'Clock terrible shock. Chamber crowded everywhere. Galleries crammed; a single seat vacant on floor of House. This for the PREMIER. But where was he? Questions all over. Next move with him. Pained silence fell over Assembly. Members on Liberal side began to look suspiciously at STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, who sat with arms folded, and head bent down. Two hundred Members ready to certify had seen GLADSTONE well and hearty at Foreign Office at Three o'Clock in the afternoon. At Half-past Three had left Foreign Office, and not since been heard of. Had innocent-looking Sir STAFFORD any guilty knowledge of cause of delayed appearance? Scouts sent out in all directions.

Meanwhile, business must go on. Motion on paper must be made. At first suggested that, since Conservatives and Liberals now run machine, NORTHCOTE might as well move Resolution that stood in PREMIER'S name. Finally, HARTINGTON rose to do it; whereupon GLADSTONE appeared, laughing and chuckling, as if it all excellent joke.

"Heard it all," he whispered to RICHARD GROSVENOR, "hiding behind door. Thought I'd have a little lark. Hope you were a good deal frightened?"

Speech on introducing Seats Bill the most remarkable of long series; only took fifty minutes; didn't contain single quotation from Classics; wound up without peroration; and only once interrupted by WARTON.

House did not cheer much. Why should it? At least two hundred Members present learned that they were politically homeless. Sad group at the Bar after conclusion of speech.

"Well, *your* Eye's wiped out, at any rate," said FRANCIS BUXTON to ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

"And *you*'ll have to 'Andover your seat," said Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE.

"Anyhow, *you* Caln't stay where you are," said Sir THOMAS BATESON.

"Ha, ha! And *you*'ll have to Devize some fresh way of getting into the House of Commons," said JAMES CROPPER.

"*You*'d better not say anything, for *you*'ll come a Cropper when your Kendal's blown out," said CHRISTIE.

"All right, old Minstrel, but *you*'ll Lowes your seat, too," said HARRIS.

"I do hope, HARRIS—how's Mrs. H. to-day?—you didn't put your little all in the Poole," said MONTY GUEST.

"We shall miss you, MONTY," Lord RANDOLPH struck in. "You not only knew where to get good clothes, but how to Ware 'em. As for me, I looked ahead; and knowing that my borough never more Woodstock this House with a Member, went to Birmingham. Meantime, I'm off to India." *Business done.*—Redistribution Bill brought in.

Tuesday.—British Navy, it is well known, is in desperate plight. As poor old WARD HUNT, once dropping into poetry, declared, "We have paper guns, and a phantom fleet." Portugal could blow our ships out of the water at will, whilst the Swiss Navy might, without let or hindrance, scour the Channel, sail up the Thames, and put the whole population *en pension* at ten francs a day per head, wine extra.

In these melancholy circumstances, rather expected to see House crowded to-night, when statement promised from Secretary to Admiralty came on. On contrary, Benches nearly empty. That First-class Iron-clad, *W. H. Smith*, at its moorings; that Torpedo Ram, *Good Gorst!* at anchor; and that Belted Cruiser (belt drawn very tight, to display slimness of waist), *Henry Lennox*, with steam fully up. But, for the rest, chiefly empty Benches.

BRASSEY's oratorical style a little peculiar; sometimes reminiscent of young Curate reading the first lesson; at others, brings to mind the stage Masher.

"The creation of a—er—Torpedo Flotillah," says Sir THOMAS, holding on with both hands to box, on which alarming collection of manuscript displayed, "being a—er—new—er—necessity, and deeming it to be the dooty of the—er—Government to avail—er—themselves of an opportunity of a very—er—unusual character afforded by the—er—condition of the Shipping Trade, the Government—er—propose, in short, to—er—put out to contract an immediate—er—order." This style very edifying. Kind of threw an air of good society over proceedings.

BRASSEY rather disconcerted by the erratic movements of HENRY LENNOX during this speech. Noble Lord constantly cruising over limited ground, but invariably tacking into lobby, coming back with steam up to take seat on Front Bench. W. H. SMITH greatly concerned, in constant apprehension of collision.

"Avast there!" he cried once, the Cruiser returning, after exceptionally brief voyage. "Show a light as you come along, or I'll run into you." Belted Cruiser signalling feeble smile, dropped anchor once more on Front Opposition Bench.

"Fact is, TOBY," said LENNOX, "I'm waiting for an audience. Got up splendid speech: take one an hour to read it. Can't throw it away on fifteen fellows everyone in a hurry for his own turn. If you see anyone about just mention I'm going to speak. They'd like to come in." At Eleven o'Clock House still nearly empty, and no signs of filling. "They can't know," said LENNOX, with a sigh, "or there'd sure to be a rush. Must let 'em have it now or never."

So hauling in a reef in his belt, and turning-up his trousers another

couple of inches, he dashed in. It seems that what Admiralty about to do now is exactly what Lord HENRY has been advising these years back. "Mr. SPEAKER, Sir," he said; "this is proudest day of my Parliamentary life. Now let me say farewell."

"By all means," says the SPEAKER; so he farewelled, and wrapping up his manuscript, with one or two sheets of note-paper that happened to be lying on the table, he tacked out, and took a final cruise round the lobby. *Business done.*—Preliminary arrangements for spending Five Millions and a-half.

Wednesday.—Noticed last day or two SPEAKER growing visibly thinner about the legs, with care-worn expression on his face.

"Irish Members not been troubling you much of late?" I said.

"No. It's not that, TOBY. It's the prospect of what's before us in the new Parliament. All the old landmarks swept away, and the place more than ever like a Vestry. Fancy me having to call upon the Hon. Member for the Strand, the Hon. Member for Holborn, or the Hon. Member for St. George's, Hanover Square. He'll be a Beadle, I suppose, and will add some touch of colour to the scene. Lord Mayor DAWSON in gold chain and scarlet cloak, and his velvet shorts, won't be in it, whilst the Members in naval and military uniform who move and second the Address, will suffer total eclipse. I can, in my mind's eye, TOBIAS, see that Beadle walking up floor of House, superciliously eyeing my wig and gown. I'll have trouble with him, I know I shall. But, it isn't that I shrink from. It's the notion of parochialising the House of Commons with your Member for St. George's-in-the-East, for Clerkenwell, for Fulham, for Limehouse, for Poplar, and Mile End Old Town! They must find a new Speaker for the New Parliament. Perhaps they'll try the Beadle."

EXTINCTION OF EYE.
Effect of Proposed Scheme of Redistribution on Ashmead-Bartlett.

PEEL unfeignedly touched. Redistribution, small matter to me. I've already had invitations to stand for nine Wards, two Counties, and five amalgamations of Town and County. But PEEL's a good fellow. Has done wonders in the Chair, and didn't like to seem cast down. Fancy it's the Beadle that fetches him. Such, even with great minds, is the jealousy of authority?

Business done.—Hours of Polling Bill read Second Time.

Thursday.—Been reading JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S *History of the Four Georges*. Capital book. Much struck with remark about PULTENEY at a time when he was attacked by friends of WALPOLE. "PULTENEY and his friends," writes the historian, "were apparently under the impression that they had a right to a monopoly of personal abuse, and they resented any effusion of the kind from the other side as a breach of their privilege." Sly man, JUSTIN. For PULTENEY read PARNELL, and the case is stated.

Thought of this remark to-night, when MCCOAN put question about *United Ireland*, gently suggesting that that interesting organ appealed to popular ignorance and passion, bringing trade profits to certain Parnellite Members. O'BRIEN furious at such insinuation. SEXTON explosive. T. P. turbulent, only JOSEPH GILLIS calm and self-contained. A monstrous thing that charges like this should be brought against gentlemen who only now and then accuse Earl SPENCER of being a murderer, who have bracketed the name of TREVELYAN with those of men accused of infamous crimes, and who level wholesale charges against officials in Ireland, most of them their own countrymen, of packing juries and purchasing perjury.

COURTNEY made speech which lasted over an hour and half. "Great waste of time and energy," said BRIGHT, who hates anything like self-exaltation. "Might have said it all in eight words: 'I am right; you are are all wrong.'"

GLADSTONE, in charming humour; played with ponderous Professor with infinite zest. Kept the House in roar of laughter. COURTNEY couldn't see anything to laugh at. *Business done.*—Second Reading Seats Bill agreed to without Division.

Friday.—Lords met to-day. Read Franchise Bill Third Time, and passed it. "Just like March," said GRANVILLE. "Came in like a lion, and goes out like a lamb." No Commons to-day.

Saturday.—Both Houses met to-day. All told, about thirty Members present. Hustled the Franchise Bill through its last formal stage, and so home. In consideration of hard work happily accomplished, holidays extended to February 19th. *Business done.*—All.

ALL-AT-SEA SONGS.

ACTING on MACHIAVELLI'S famous *dictum*, "Show me the nautical compositions of a nation, and I will show you the history of its Board of Admiralty," we had dispatched a competent Investigator for the purpose of picking up in the various dockyards, sea-port towns, drawing-rooms, coaling-stations, and other likely places, any scraps he could come across of the Naval Ditties of the day, with a view to ascertaining how far they have been influenced by the recent "Supremacy" scare and its Parliamentary outcome. That the recent revelations and the subsequent official action they have produced has not been without its effect on the good old hearty songs that used to send our forefathers to battle against the dangers of the deep, the following brief specimens may serve to show.

The famous doings of the *Lion* frigate, for instance, have been often told over a cask of rum by many a cheery gun-room fire to a ringing chorus far into the small hours of the morning, and what Jack Tar afloat cannot quote the familiar and stirring lines,—

"Then up spoke our Captain, and unto us did say,
'Cheer up, cheer up, my merry men, we'll show them British play;
If this had been mine own brother, the battle should have been tried;
Let every man stand true to his gun, and we'll give them a broadside!'

"The broadside was given, my boys, which made them all to wonder,
To see their foretopgallant mast come bowling down like thunder;
We beat them from their quarters; no longer could they stay;
And the red-hot shot poured in so hot, we showed them British play."

The modern version of the above is naturally less sanguine. Still there is a business-like ring about it that, at the present moment, no doubt accounts for its popularity. Here it is:—

"Then up spoke our Captain, and unto us did say,
'You see, my merry, merry men, cheeseparing doesn't pay;
We're half the strength of yonder craft, and, as a port I've spied,
Well, like the man upon the horse, I'd like to get inside.'

"He couldn't; so we fired, my boys;—but, bless you, did we wonder,
When every gun we'd got aboard bust up as we went under?
Not we! We only gave three jeers to hear the Captain say,
'Look here, my boys, I told you so! Cheeseparing doesn't pay!'"

CAMPBELL'S immortal "*Mariners*" of course doesn't pass unscathed. Still it is fairly fitted to the times; as, for example, in the appended verse:—

"The spirits of your fathers
Quite start from every wave:
They can't make head or tail of why
The Government need save!
If BLAKE and NELSON came again,
They couldn't strike a blow,
As long as NORTHBROOK 's sworn to keep
The Income-tax down low,
And drag and dawdle things along,
With the Income-tax down low!"

This is, it must be owned, perhaps, a little hard on the First Lord, who, subject to certain restrictions, is doing what he can to put the flag of England again into a fit condition to brave, if necessary, both the battle and the breeze. At the same time, if he and his colleagues would now and again join in a bit of the above chorus, it could certainly do them no great harm.

But it is mainly in the good old class of "foke-sale" songs,—the songs that, in other words, enjoy a large sale among nautically-disposed folk,—that the chief influence of the recent general national uneasiness is manifested. The spirit is there still, but, it must be confessed, it is just a little dashed. Take the following, everywhere popular:—

THIS TIME FOUR YEAR.

"She's as tidy a craft is the *Vul-can-ite*
As tidy as well can be!
She's all first-class, and watertight,
Got two big guns, and the 'lectric light,
Just the ship for you, boys, and me.
So come altogether, boys, let's give a cheer,
For she's going to be ready—this time four year!

"And now if a Frenchman heaves in sight,
And we shouts to him 'Old *parley voo*.'
And he outs with his guns, and swears he'll fight.
Why, we'll lay down the keel of the *Vul-can-ite*,
And put on a hand or two.
So come altogether, boys, let's give a cheer,
Maybe she'll be ready—this time four year!

"But things goes wrong, in the next fortnight,
And that Frenchman he gives us a call;
And though, boys, on paper she's right and tight,
He blows up that there *Vul-can-ite*,
Keel, dockyard, guns and all!
So come altogether, boys, let's shed a tear
On the ship as was ready—this time four year."

Straws show the set of the wind. And it will be seen from the above, that a little more expedition all round at the Admiralty, will not be taken amiss by the country.

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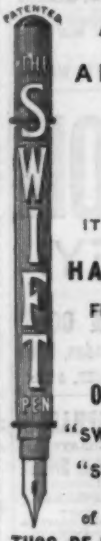

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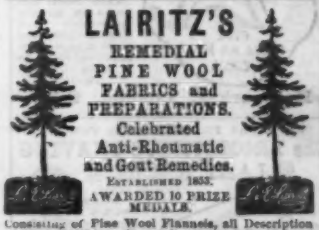

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The use of this valuable mouth wash insures ENTIRE FREEDOM FROM TOOTHACHE AND DECAY OF THE TEETH. There are three kinds, distinguished by a YELLOW, GREEN, and RED SILK THREAD attached to the bottles. That with the YELLOW stops instantly the most VIOLENT TOOTHACHE. That with the GREEN is invaluable to persons who suffer periodically from toothache, sensitiveness of the teeth and gums, decay and offensive breath, for by using a few drops in a little water to rinse the mouth daily, they will not only NEVER SUFFER AGAIN, but will preserve their TEETH SOUND and WHITE TILL THE END. That with the RED is for children's use.

M. SUEZ also recommends a particularly good kind of soft Tooth-brush, made of the finest badger-hair, and his ORANGE TOOTH-PASTE for the removal of tartar and whitening the teeth.

Through any Chemist, or direct from WILCOX & CO., Free by Parcels Post. Green Thread, 4s.; Yellow Thread, 2s. 6d.; Red Thread, 2s.; Orange Tooth-Paste, 4s. 6d.; Suez Tooth-Brushes, 1s. 6d.

CAUTION.—*To guard against fraudulent imitations, see that each Label bears the name, "Wilcox & Co., 239, Oxford Street, London."*

CIGARS DE JOY

ASTHMA, COUGH, BRONCHITIS

One of these Cigarettes gives immediate relief in the worst attack of ASTHMA, COUGH, BRONCHITIS, HAY FEVER, and SHORTNESS OF BREATH. Persons who suffer at night with coughing, phlegm, and short breath, find them invaluable, as they instantly check the spasm, promote sleep, and allow the patient to pass a good night. Are perfectly harmless, and may be smoked by ladies, children, and most delicate patients. In Boxes of 25 Cigarettes, 2s. 6d., from WILCOX & CO., and all Chemists.

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ARNDT'S PATENT.

Extracts by simply filling the upper part with boiling water all the PALATABLE AND WHOLESOME PROPERTIES OF COFFEE, without EXTRACTING THE INJURIOUS SUBSTANCES, SUCH AS CAFFEINE AND TANNIC ACIDS.

No possible loss of Aroma. Recommended by the highest medical authorities. May be obtained at all the principal furnishing Ironmongers in the Kingdom.

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